"Roaring Bill" Wagstaff

A Romance of Love and Fortune :: :: in the Big Northwest :: ::

By Bertrand M. Sinclair (Author of "NORTH OF 83," Etc.)

ENOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

steamer breasting the outgoing tide that surged through the First Narrows.

Wooded banks on either hand spread dusky green in the hot August sun. On their left glinted the roofs and white wells of Hollyburn, dear to the suburban heart. Presently they swung around Brockton Point, and Vascouver spread its peninsular clutter before them. Tugs and launches puffed by, about their harbor traffic. A ferry clustered black with people hurried across the inlet. But even above the harbor noises, across the intervening distance they could hear

intervening distance they could hear the vibrant hum of the industrial hive.

"Listen to it," said Bill. "Like surf on the beaches. And, like the surf, it's full of treacherous undercurrents, a bad thing to get into unless you can sure strong scound to have a surface to the surface of the s swim strong enough to keep your bead above water."

"Oh, be good—go thou and do like-wise." he returned impenitently. "I'm tickled to death to be home. And

know that it's a hard game to buck, feel yourself neglected because I hapunder normal conditions. We're of pen to have my nose stuck in a

dering the minfortunes of those who "Still, I'd like you to talk to me are less lucky, are you?" she inquired once in a while."

and skyrocketing ascension of land values."

The vanguard of the land hungry The vanguard the be doing out his accent of the Fatherland. Hazel at once appropriated the baby. The vanguard the baby out his accent of the Fatherland. Hazel at once appropriated the baby. The value of the land hungry The vanguard the be doing out his accent of the Fatherland. Hazel at once appropriated the baby. The value of the blow. The vanguard the baby out his accent of the Fatherland. Hazel at once appropriated the baby. The value of the blow. The value of the blow.

Inside, a gray film of dust rad ac-gaze swept the timber beyond imulated on everything, and the "Well!"

tenanted house. But apart from that it stood as they had left it thirteen months before. No foot had crossed the threshold. The pile of wood and kindling lay beside the fireplace as Bill had placed it the morning they left.

of PHECEDING CHAPTERS.
It stood as they had let.
It stood as they had

"Tou're a thoroughgoing pessimist," I'm fairly book-starved. It's fierce to be deprived of even a newspaper for twelve months. I'll be a year getting."

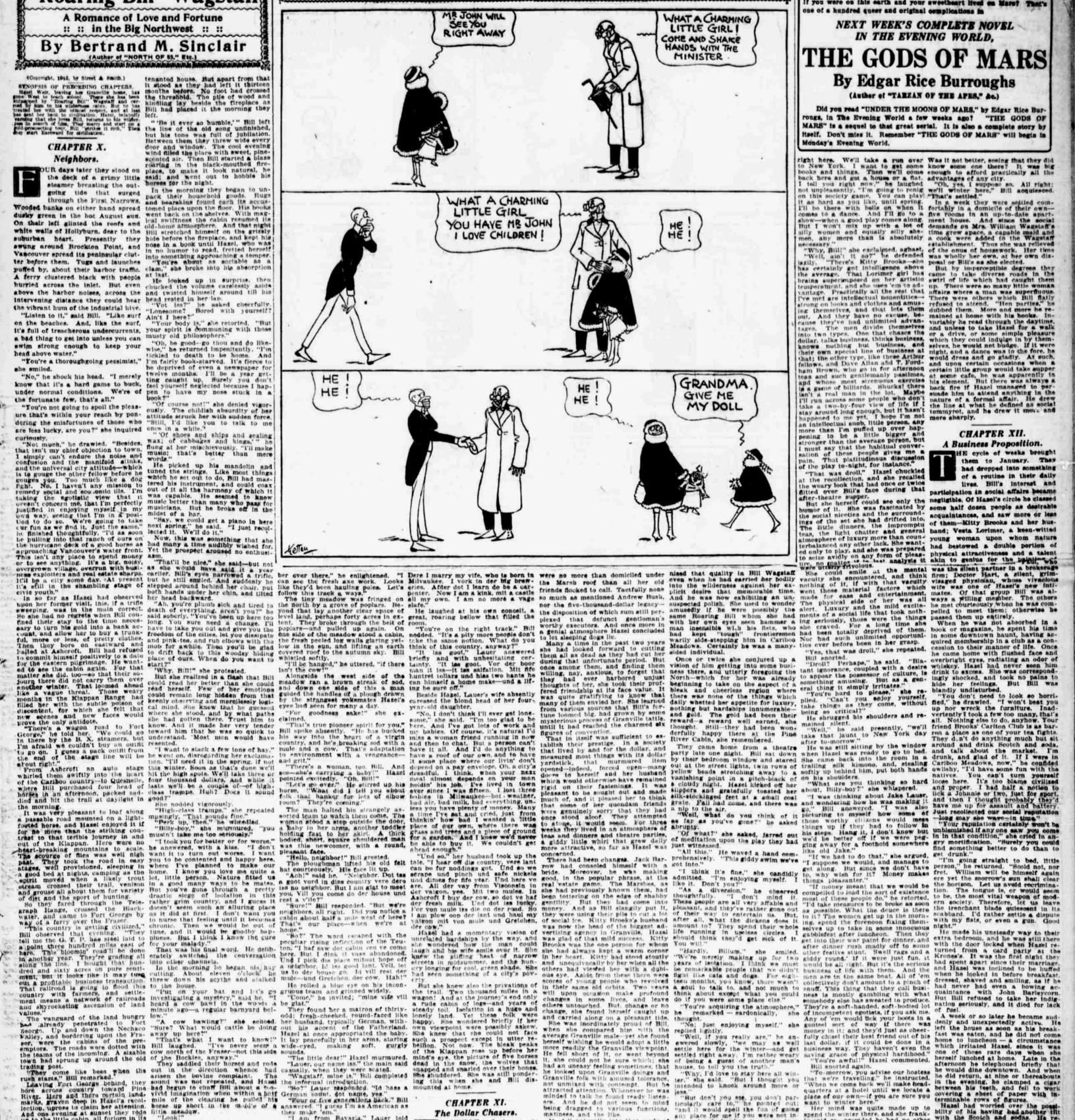
"You're not going to spoil the pleas-ure that's within your reach by pon-attitude struck her with sudden force."

What is it, Bill?" Hazel asked.

Can You Beat It?

ANTENSA.

By Maurice Ketten



to the little cabin, all foriorn in its aring. The grass waved to their truck of a broad-tired wagon to the very door.

Inside, a gray film of dust rad accompleted on everything, and the continued at the trail, then his gaze awept the timber beyond mulated on everything, and the continued at the trail, then his gaze awept the timber beyond ger. "I am from Bavaria." Lauer told him. "Vill you shmoke? I light mine boson with a haste and existence, no matter profound contrast to the very door.

Well:"

The Dollar Chasers.

The Dolla Bill?" Hazel asked. upon a farm brought cop. I serf in her been cutting um- der ermy my dime. Den America.

ing this when she and Bill dis-mounted at home.

more readily the Granville viewpoint.

He fell short of it, or went beyond
it it, she could not be sure which; she
had an uneasy feeling sometimes, that
he looked upon Granville doings and
Granville folk with anused tolerance,
not unmixed with contempt. But he
attracted attention, Whenever he was
minded to talk he found ready listensers. And he did not seem to mind
being dragged to various functions,
matinees, and the like.

He fell naturally into that mode of
existence, no matter that it was in
profound contrast to his previous
manuer of life as she knew it. She
much lite another to me. You seen
to had an quantitation she with the found of passage. One city is pretty
that he would also downtown. And when it comes to a
profound contrast to his previous
manuer of life as she knew it. She
much lite another to me. You seen
to had a quantitation she with she would another to me. You seen
to had a quantitation she with content to me. You seen
to had a uneasy feeling sometimes, that
house, to tell you the truth."

"Why, I'd love to stay here all winter, she said. "But I thought you
intended to knock around more or
less."

"But don't you see, you don't parleuisfly care to," he pointed out;
"and it would spell the fun of going
any place for me if you were not in
spend the winter there, and she frankshe which irritated Hazel, since it was
one of hose rare days when she
savines grace of physical hardihood."

"You're awful!" Hazel commented.

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Bill sonrted again.

"To-morrow, you advise our hostess
that we're travelling." he instructed.

"Why, I'd love to stay here all winter, she said. "But I thought you
when we come hack we'll make headquarters at a hotel until we locate a
less."

"He fell naturally into that mode of
a existence, no matter that it was in
profound contrast to his previous
manuer of life as she knew it. She
much lite another to me. You see, to me if you are sure you
save the winter than the dol She shuddered. She was still pondering this when she and Bill dismounted at home.

Granville folk with amused tolerance, not unmixed with contempt. But he attracted attention. Whenever he was minded to talk he found ready listence.

CHAPTER XI.

The Dollar Chasers.

RANVILLE took them to its bosom with a haste and earnestness that made Hazel catch her breath. The Marshes took possession of them upon their errival, and they have repelled her, and she had record.

The pollar Chasers.

Granville folk with amused tolerance, ter, she said. "But I thought you that we're travelling," he instructed, intended to knock around more or "When we come back we'll make head-quarters at a hotel until we locate a less."

But den't you see, you don't parbics to "But den't you see four own—if you are sure you the sead of the would spell the fun of going any place for me if you were not inspend the winter there, and she frank-business that made Hazel catch her breath. The Marshes took possession of thing but a well-bred man would them upon their errival, and they have repelled her, and she had record.

Granville folk with amused tolerance, ter, she said. "But I thought you had to knock around more or "When we come back we'll make head-quarters at a hotel until we locate a "But den't you see, you don't parbics."

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"But den't you were not insended to knock around more or "When we come back we'll make head-quarters at a hotel until we locate a place of our own—if you are to," he pointed out: want to winter here."

"But den't you see, you don't parbics."

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"But den't you we're not insended to knock around more or "When we come back we'll make head-quarters at a hotel until we locate a place of our own—if you are to," he pointed out: want to winter here."

"But den't you see, you don't parbics."

What Would YOU Do-

If you were on this earth and your sweetheart lived on Maro? That's one of a hundred queer and original complications in

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD,

THE GODS OF MARS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs (Author of "TARZAN OF THE APES," &c.)

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right here. We'll take a run over to New York. I want to get some books and things. Then we'll come back here and got a house or a flat. I tell you right now," he laughed not unpleasantly. "I'm going to renig on this society game. You can play!" "Oh, yes, I suppose so. All right; not may be a flat of the with bells on when it comes to a dance. And I'll Ko to a show—when a good play comes along. Hut I won't mix up with a lot of silly women and equally silly shemen, any more than Is absolutely neicessary."

"Well, ain't it so?" he defended iszily. "Ther's Kitty Brooks—she has certainly got infolligence above the average. That Lorimer girl has brains superimposed on her artistic temperatural, and she uses 'em to advantage. Fractically all the rest that I've met are intellectual nonentities alrong on looks and tothes and amusing themselves, and that lets them out. And they have no excuse, because they've had unlimited advantages. The men dvide themselves into two types. One that chases the dollar, talks business, thinks business, knows nothing but business, and whose mest strenuous exercise is a game of billards. Shucksi there isn't a real man in the lot. Maybe follow, and Dave Allan ahd T. Fordham Brown, who go in for afternoon teas and such gentlemanly pastimes, app whose mest strenuous exercise is a game of billards. Shucksi there isn't a real man in the lot. Maybe fill and a such gentlemanly pastimes, app whose mest strenuous exercise is a game of billards. Shucksi there isn't a real man in the lot. Maybe fill run across some people who don't take a two-by-four view of life if a tay around long enough, but it hant happened to me yet, I hope I'm not an intellectual snob, little person, any more than I'm puffed up over happening to be a little bigger and stronger than the average person, but in must say that the habitual conversation of these people gives me a pain. Thut platitudinous discussion of the play to-night, for instance."

"That was dord." Hazel chuckled at the recollection, and she recalled at the reco

(To Be Continued.)